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BRIEF MENTION.

As Professor White's assault upon the logaoedic theory of Heinrich Schmidt tempted me a few months ago (A. J. P. XXXIV 106) to bring forth from its pigeonhole my 'put past' (A. J. P. VIII 254) lecture on Sappho, so WILAMOWITZ'S *Sappho und Simonides* (Weidmann) has moved me to compare the bright light that WILAMOWITZ has shed on the poetess with the crepuscular vision of forty years ago. This new volume of WILAMOWITZ'S is dedicated to the memory of Friedrich Gottlieb Welcker, and the author tells us how he followed to the grave the illustrious scholar whom he had never seen in the flesh; and as I am one of the few survivors of that distant time, I may be permitted to add my personal reminiscences to WILAMOWITZ'S eloquent tribute. Welcker lived to a great age. Born in 1784, he died in 1868. In 1852, when I was one of those who gathered about the long table in the anteroom of the University Library at Bonn, he seemed to me—a lad not yet twenty-one—an ancient of days. A close contemporary of Boeckh, whose lectures I had followed a few semesters before, his bearing was that of an old, old man. He spoke slowly, deliberately. Whether his vision was impaired at that time I do not know, but he had the far-off look characteristic of the blind. At all events, he saw what we could not see. *ἐμπόπτῃς* is the Greek word. What was clear to his mind's eye he tried to conjure up for us. The image of Greek antiquity rose like an exhalation from his discourse—a golden mist, as I have said elsewhere. The word 'sinnig' seems to have been made for him. He was gentleness, benignity itself whenever he was consulted by the young foreigner. A great celebrity, he was sought by visitors to Bonn, and I shall never forget how one sunny day as I was taking my usual walk in the Poppelsdorfer Allee, I was accosted by a young Englishman, who addressed me in a German not to be reproduced phonetically: 'Kunnen Ssie mir ouohl ssaggen, ouo dur Hur Professor Ouelcker bleibt?'

Sappho was Welcker's love. Whether he ever had another does not appear. He was a bachelor all his days, and his famous vindication of Sappho, written in his early prime (1816), has made him her knight for all the ages. Sappho is no lay figure. She is a personality, and WILAMOWITZ introduces his essay by a treatise on 'Persönlichkeit', a word which like 'personality' in English has come very much to the front of late years. Goethe

seems to have started the business in his West-östlicher Divan, and according to WILAMOWITZ, it is completely threshed out in the cultivated circles of German society, just those circles in which personality is often reduced to a minimum. Unless I am mistaken, even among people of English speech, 'personality' has gradually taken the place of 'character', 'individuality', 'idiosyncrasy'—idiosyncrasy, once a popular word. 'My father was a man of highly flavoured personality', one was heard to say the other day. Twenty-five years ago he would probably have said, 'My father was a man of marked character'. Now, 'highly flavoured' tells the tale. It is an appeal to the subtle sense by which Laura Bridgman sorted clothes. Of course, 'character' and 'personality' are not synonymous. Eucken has a long discourse on personality in his 'Grundlinien zu einer neuen Lebensanschauung', but I do not see that he has helped us much. In Goethe's famous lines, 'Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille, Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt', the poet has given us in a few crystal drops all that can be condensed from the nebulousness of the philosopher. The Greeks, we are told, knew nothing of personality, that there is at most a faint adumbration of it in a passage of Aristotle. That can only mean that the ancient Greek had no word for 'personality', just as he had no word for 'humanity' or 'humanism'. He would doubtless have shivered at the Modern Greek *προσωπικότης* and *ἀτομιστικότης*, but he had the thing, and one is tempted to shy at the subtle observer the comic missile of *αὐτότατος*. The first personality in Greek literature was Hesiod, as everybody knows, and WILAMOWITZ passes in review those whom he considers persons, those whom he considers types. About some of them there may be debate. There can be none about Sappho, *θανμάσιον τι χρῆμα*, to quote Strabo, whom one is almost ashamed to quote, so threadbare is the quotation; and it may be doubted whether it has been freshened up by WILAMOWITZ's calling Strabo 'der ziemlich philiströse Strabon'. One is almost tempted to search the Lunenburg heath of that highly respectable author for other sympathetic utterances. Of this *θανμάσιον χρῆμα* WILAMOWITZ begins his discourse by a sentence which is comprehensible only from the Berlinese point of view, fully comprehensible only by those who have followed the processes of Berlin courts. 'When the name Sappho', he says, 'is mentioned to-day, more people will think of sexual perversion than of a great poetess'. Krafft-Ebing, and Mantegazza are not unknown to the Western World, and Paris is said by Parisians to be a poor second to Chicago, but, after all, the prevalent Anglo-Saxon conception of Sappho is that of the poetess, and her fabled love for Phaon—a natural love—has at least in the popular mind eclipsed the sinister interpretation of burning Sappho's affection for the maidens of her school. The vindication of Sappho has led WILAMOWITZ through sewage in which few but professional

classicists—a race with imperforate nostrils—will care to follow him, for it rests upon the proof that ‘Lesbian love’ is something other than it is commonly supposed to be, something too vile to be associated with the name of the world’s greatest poetess, something so vile that Horace has put it in the lowest sink of one of his malodorous epodes—a thing not to be elaborated, or rather allaborated, orally or otherwise.

Reading the other day Professor HUMPHREYS’ commentary on *Demosthenes De Corona* (American Book Company), a commentary quick with notes of personal observation and experience and full of pregnant hints for the student of the orator, I was arrested by the difficulty which that eminent scholar found in the words τῆς παρ’ ὑμῶν εὐνοίας διαμαρτεῖν (§ 3). ‘Both to lose’, he remarks, ‘and fail to win, say too much’, but he gives no answer to his own problem; and I wondered whether his difficulty lay in the sense or the tense of διαμαρτεῖν. But as I went on, I found that with the manly directness characteristic of Professor HUMPHREYS he refuses to be bound by ‘theoretical difference between the aorist and the present infinitive’, which, he says, is often neglected. And so under § 86 he remarks that ‘the distinction between the aorist and the present in the dependent moods and in the infinitive and part. must not be insisted on. They are often varied for the sake of variety’. Now, I have maintained repeatedly and sometimes at considerable length (A. J. P. XXIII 242) that the ‘theoretical’ difference between the modal tenses of apobasis and paratasis (A. J. P. XXIII 106) is the same as that between the indicative aor. and imperfect, and as Professor HUMPHREYS has more than once explained and explained happily the difference between the latter two, it might seem incumbent on me to rebel against his dictum. But here as elsewhere there is great danger of falling into formulae, such as the well-worn ‘general and specific’, which is often applied where it does not hold, and we must not lose ourselves, as some scholars have lost themselves, in a Sahara of statistics (A. J. P. XXIX 243; XXX 105, 476) beyond the reach of immediate feeling. A finer analysis than is commonly employed may be advocated, but we must watch the period of the language; and though the *Graeculi* continued to be more sensitive to the shift of the modal tenses than we are (A. J. P., l. c.), we must not overlook the trend towards the aor. ἀκούε ἀντὶ τοῦ πείσθητι, says the scholiast on Aischyl. Cho. 506. Nay, says Verrall, it should be πείθου. But what are we going to do with πῖνε ἀντὶ τοῦ πῖθι of the Homeric scholiast (Il. 14, 5)? Under § 86 just cited Professor HUMPHREYS quotes as a specimen of indifference Dein. 1, 27 where ἀνάγκωθι, the tense of urgency, is followed by ἀναγίγνωσκε, the tense of impatience; and in § 4 he maintains that the aorist could have been used just

as well as the present. The text runs, οὐκ ἔχειν ἀπολύσασθαι τὰ κατηγορημένα δόξω, οὐδ' ἐφ' οἷς ἀξιώ τιμᾶσθαι δεικνύναι, where the ordinary formulae ('despatch' and 'detail') seem to work fairly well, and it may be worth noting that according to Preuss ἀπολύσασθαι is the only inf. tense of this verb in Demosthenes. But Professor HUMPHREYS is doubtless right in his protest against over-analysis especially in the stage of study for which his commentary is intended. The student will still be on Greek soil, or at all events, no worse off than those 'slow bellies', the Gortynians, at least according to Stahl, G. V., p. 152.

It is evident then that it is not the tense of διαμαρτεῖν that is the trouble, but the sense of the word; and the combination τῆς παρ' ὑμῶν εὐνοίας διαμαρτεῖν recalls another irresolution of another eminent scholar. Commenting in a recent number of *Classical Philology* on the rival translations of the Apollonios of Philostratos, Conybeare's and Phillimore's, Professor Shorey remarks:

There is nothing funnier even in Tredwell than the rendering which our two scholars have given of the words (I, 13): ἄλλ' ὁμῶς συκοφαντούσι τινες ἐπὶ ἀφροδισίοις αὐτόν, ὥς διαμαρτία ἐρωτικῇ χρησάμενον καὶ διὰ τοῦτο ἀπεναντίσαντα ἐς τὸ Σκυῶν ἔθνος. This Conybeare renders: "And yet there are those who accuse him falsely of an addiction to venery alleging that he fell a victim of such sins, and spent a whole year in their indulgence among the Scythians" (italics mine). Professor Phillimore is less outspoken: "alleging some sentimental vagary, which they say kept him a whole year in Scythia".

There is no question about the fun of Conybeare's rendering, which seems to have been inspired by the old English version of Rev. Edward Berwick (1809):

Yet some still accuse him of sacrificing to Venus and of indulging in the pleasures of love, adding that he passed a whole year in Scythia for that purpose.

Still, I wish Professor SHOREY had given his own version by way of contrast, but like Professor HUMPHREYS in the Demosthenic passage, he has left us in doubt as to the correct rendering, to which τῆς παρ' ὑμῶν εὐνοίας διαμαρτεῖν may help us. Everything turns on the question whether διαμαρτία is intellectual or moral. Volumes have been written on the lightheartedness of the Greek, as shown by the word ἀμαρτάνειν, which is commonly taken as the equivalent of our 'sin'. ἀμαρτάνειν has no necessary stain upon it. It is intellectual rather than moral. And yet the 'lighthearted Greek', with his ἄγος, his μύσος, his μίαισμα, had a more shuddering sense of blood-guiltiness than the sons of, Arminius or the descendants of the Berserkers. ἀμαρτεῖν, 'fail', and συμφορά, 'accident', are euphemisms, if you choose, for 'sin' for 'crime'. But what does ἐρωτικῇ διαμαρτία χρησάμενον mean, judging by the light of the Demosthenic passage? Is it anything

more than ἐρώτων διαμαρτών? We have to do with self-exile in consequence of disappointment in love, and those who have read Hippokrates περὶ ἀέρων, c. 21, will understand why Apollonios is said to have gone to Scythia to cool off. It was the last place in the world to which a man could resort in order to sacrifice to Venus. Exile was one of the most familiar *Remedia Amoris*, and Burton's Anatomy has a chapter on the subject of Love Melancholy, with the usual delightful medley of authorities, going far back beyond the age of Philostratos—which was a sentimental age. The ταῦρος χηρεύων of Sophokles, not cited by Burton, comes up to the mind, and the modern psychological novelist would doubtless adduce the story of Bellerophon with the tempting explanation of the hero's wandering over the Aleian plain and eating his heart, as he thought of wasted opportunities; for Bellerophon had blood in his veins, and it was the reverence for Ζεὺς Ἰένιος that restrained his passion, as it restrained the passion of his fellow-martyr, Peleus, as Pindar tells us (N. 5, 31): τοῦ μὲν ὄργαν κνίζον αἰπεινοὶ λόγοι. Eros is a κνίδη (P. 10, 60), the ὄργα is the too familiar *ira* of Horace, and the 'steep talk', the 'giddy talk' of Hippolyta needs no interpretation for those who haunt the cabarets of our great cities.

Professor FAY's articles in which he has vivified the chapter of word-formation and made sense-words out of suffixes (A. J. P. XXXI 454 foll., XXXIII 377-400; XXXIV 15-42) would naturally appeal to a man of my peculiar temperament, and I found myself on the verge of making a spectacle of my old age by etymologizing a number of suffixes in a fashion that in my hands would doubtless resemble the processes of Plato's Cratylus. Anything, I said to myself, is better than the tricks that are played with the demonstrative, and to that extent I am in sympathy with Westphal, who forty years ago and more ridiculed the 'da' theory, according to which 'da' answered for all the cases. It is this very doctrine of the cases that has given me more trouble in my syntactical studies than anything else (A. J. P. XXXI 362; XXXIII 487). Years ago I wrote a review of what was the science of that day (A. J. P. II 83 ff.), and made no secret of my discontent. The theory of the moods and tenses is by no means perfect, but in comparison with the theory of the cases it works like a charm. You can actually make a fair show of reproduction by means of your theory of the moods and tenses, but the so-called mixed cases defy analysis. We cannot tell which element in the mixture decides the construction, and the rule refuses to work when we translate English into Greek. What are we to do with the genitive? One of the younger scholars who are pushing forward the lines of syntactical re-

search, W. HAVERS, the author of the 'Jener-Deixis', has been studying the relations of genitive and dative, and, accepting a hint of mine in my note on Pindar (P. 3, 40), has set up the category of the *Dativus sympatheticus* in lieu of the current nomenclature, which to me is meaningless. In point of fact, it is not so difficult to distinguish between the genitive and the dative, when they are rivals,¹ and many years ago I was careful to speak of the Genitive of the Owner and the Dative of the Possessor.

But the genitive itself, or the genitive and its two selves? Kuhn's theory of the genitive as a fossilized adjective I adopted enthusiastically at the time of its promulgation. Whitney resigned himself to it. Whitney's attitude towards such things was largely the attitude of resignation. After a while the phonetists fell foul of Kuhn's theory, and it was relegated to the limbo of exploded fancies. Of late it has shown signs of life, and many of the phenomena of the genitive seem to find their natural explanation in an equivalence of genitive and adjective, as Schuchardt has recently urged in the matter of the puzzling genitive of apposition. No wonder then that I stare at the genitive terminations, and wish that some Jinn, like Professor FAY, would evolve some sense-word that might give vitality to the case. Anthropocentric as I am in dealing with the phenomena of syntax, how I should hail some etymology that would enable us to see things as the Semites saw them. How plastic, how drastic are the father of lies, the mother of a horn (= rhinoceros); the son of thunder, the daughter of the horse-leech, the daughter of Zion, the sons of Belial. Of course, family figures occur often enough in Greek poetry, but the commentators tell us not to take them seriously (O. 8, 1). Why not? The best poetic translation of the adjective is often the family figure. That admirable translator, Mr. Myers, renders (N. 8, 18): *ποντία* . . . *κύπρω* 'the isle of Kypros'. That is what I call a *raison démonstrative* translation. Kypros, daughter of the deep, is in line with the child of Aphrodite, and the bride of the sun of the Seventh Olympian. In Dr. Petersen's admirable essay on the diminutives in -ιον he acknowledges the patronymic -ιος (A. J. P. XXXII 95) as one of the sources of the diminutive connotation. Is it only a connotation? What if it were the head of the corner? Little-john, the son of John, may be a giant, and μέγα is a common epithet for *θηρίον*. But behind the *πατρική πτώσις* lies the *κτητική πτώσις* which has given its name to our English genitive. No choice of nomenclature could have been more characteristic of nationality.

¹ In v. 16', says Jebb on Bakchyl. 3, 15, 'βρῦν takes the gen. a verb of fulness (ap. Soph. O. C. 161), with no difference of sense, unless it be that the dative is more animated and picturesque'.

Whatever science may make of the terminations of the genitive, the compound is older than the case; and the growing together of the genitive and the noun in Greek, reversing the process of the *status constructus* in Hebrew, is in line with other developments in language. The repugnance of the genitive to separation from its regimen, of which investigators are making more and more, is a survival of the original state of things, which still obtains in the English possessive. When there is nothing for the genitive to lean upon, it acquires a manner of forlorn independence (A. J. P. XXVII 358), such as we find in the genitive absolute, such as we find in the genitive at the head of the sentence (A. J. P. XXIII 25). When the preposition associates itself with the pure genitive, as it is called to distinguish it from the ablative genitive, the genitive does not depend on the preposition, but on the idea of locality postulated by the preposition—as in *εἰς διδασκάλου*—and this explains more than one case-structure that baffle the syntactician, or, if you choose, the student of semantics, such as *ἐπί* with the genitive, where one cannot well take refuge in the ablative genitive, which fails also to explain the difference between *ἐπί* with the genitive and *ἐπί* with the dative (A. J. P. XVIII 118). But that is an old story.

It is more than twenty-five years since I heard an eminent man of letters in a public discourse attribute to Pindar the well-known line of Simonides on a victory with the mule-car: *χαίρει' ἀελλοπόδων θύγατρες ἵππων*. I marvelled that a man of his rare culture should have spoiled the old story recorded in Aristotle, Rhet. III, c. 3. But the other day, turning over the pages of Landor's Pericles and Aspasia, I discovered the source of the error. In a letter to Cleone, Aspasia, an Ionian woman and therefore not inclined to favour Pindar, is supposed to write: 'Pindar never quite overcame his grandiloquence. The animals we call *half asses* by a word of the sweetest sound although not the most seducing import, he calls "the daughters of the tempest-footed steeds". My eminent man of letters was a great admirer of Landor's, as I knew, and doubtless more familiar with Pericles and Aspasia than with Aristotle's Rhetoric. But what of the translation 'steeds', a recurrent trouble (A. J. P. XXXI 364, 492)? If 'steed' is a 'stallion', as it is, *ἵππων* is not to be translated 'steeds' but 'mares', unless indeed one should prefer the Scottish 'she-horses'; for mules, the cross between the jack and the mare, are meant, and not hinnies. The hinny, which is the cross between the stallion and the jenny, is seldom bred. It is a poor affair, and the two hybrids are very different. 'The hinny neighs like a horse, the mule brays like the ass. The mule's ears, tail and general aspect are asinine. The hinny

more nearly resembles the horse, is of slighter build and of strength inferior to the mule', and, which is even more to our purpose, its lack of speed was notorious in antiquity. Pliny says of it (N. H. 8, 44): *effrenis et tarditatis indomitae*. The racers on coins are distinctly mules, not hinnies—as, for instance, on a coin of Messana, figured in my Pindar (p. 170). One cannot help asking. Is not this lesson in translation a lesson in eugenics?

In the programme that accompanies the new *Passow* (Vandenhoeck u. Ruprecht), the editor, WILHELM CRÖNERT, holds out no hope of an early completion of the work. If the older *Passow* was sixteen years in building, how can we expect a much more speedy termination of a much more ambitious enterprise? But the aged scholar must not despair. Little did I dream that I should live to see the great Oxford Dictionary so near its goal as it is now. When s. v. *Crop* I was referred to *Neck* for an explanation of *Neck and Crop*, I said sadly that I should not be able to consult *Neck* (A. J. P. XXII 232). To be sure, when *Neck* came, it gave no satisfactory answer to the problem, the solution of which was reserved for Wright's Dialect Dictionary. Up to the appearance of Wright, my private interpretation of the phrase was based on the physical process of seizing an objectionable member of society by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the breeches corresponding to the crupper. 'All in a moment his roan Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone'. But according to Wright, 'crop' means 'scruff of the neck', and I have had to surrender very reluctantly my picturesque interpretation (A. J. P. XXVIII 114). Doubtless similar surrenders will be made necessary by the new *Passow*, but whatever may be made necessary by the new *Passow*, it will have to be used warily, like all other dictionaries. When Lewis and Short came out, a young scholar—destined to high distinction—sent me for publication in the Journal a list of what he considered flagrant blunders. My gentle nature rebelled against such a proceeding before the useful compilation had a chance to shew its usefulness. 'Lexicography is full of pitfalls', I replied, 'as you yourself have shewn by the mistakes you have made in your criticisms'. Liddell and Scott is a quarry of such things, as I found out long before I undertook a collaboration which came to a sad end. My articles were slumped with Professor Godwin's in the Preface, all manner of liberties were taken with my copy (A. J. P. III 515), and the article on *ἔως* either arrived too late or was thrown aside—whether to the advantage of the student or not may be discerned by a comparison of A. J. P. IV 416 ff., with the eighth edition of Liddell and Scott. One thing the editors allowed to stand under *πρίν*, and that is the right explanation of the ellipsis in Od. 15, 393-4: οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ, πρίν ὥρῃ, καταλέχθαι. The ellipsis

is ἐστί and not ἐη, as is stated in Syntax of Classical Greek, § 85. Like some other things in that manual, it must have been put in for the purpose of refutation, and the refutation omitted. Nothing could be more absurd than the assumption of the ellipsis of an impossible construction, and for Homer πρὶν ἐη is an impossible construction; and I am not surprised that Mr. Platt has recently advanced the conjecture πρὶν ὥρης after the well-known Pindaric passage (P. 4, 43), though I cannot accept it. πρὶν ἐστί is causal, like ἕως ἐστί (A. J. P. IV 417; XXIV 387), and is equivalent to οὐ γὰρ πῶ ἐστί.

The scope of the new *Passow* is, as I have said, ambitious. It is to take in the whole thesaurus of the Greek language down to the Byzantine time. The line is drawn at Procopius and the subsequent Byzantine historians, although the contemporary poets and philosophers are included. Inscriptions and papyri are to be conscientiously exploited—even the papyri of the Byzantine time. Coins, gems, and vases are to furnish material. The new Latin Thesaurus is to yield its treasures, and the glosses likewise. Especial attention is to be paid to the dialects, the ancient lexicographers, scholiasts and grammarians, to the Septuagint and other versions and the New Testament. The texts are to be critically studied, and corruptions indicated. Etymology is to be handled briefly, exegesis concisely, the references are to be distinguished by their abundance, their exactness, their analytical arrangement. The first fascicle runs from A to αἰμωρυχίας. An interesting and important feature is the category VERB (reitung), which is appended to some of the more considerable articles, and which may redeem in some measure the pellmell disorder of the examples—an offence to my soul as a syntactician. As in most German works, the art of abridgment is carried to an extreme, but those who have had some experience with the advertisements in German newspapers, where ‘e. fr. Pf.’ represent ‘ein frommes Pferd’, will have no serious difficulty. Further notice is reserved.

From early youth I have indulged in the habit of making summaries of such books and articles as happened to interest me at the time, and I have in manuscript reams of such things, extending from Becker's *Römische Alterthümer*, which I abridged in 1852 with a view to my doctoral examination in 1853, down to Mr. Grundy's *Thucydides and the History of his Age*, of which I have had a word to say (A. J. P. XXXIII 338). Of late this mass has been so infiltrated by my own peculiar vein that very little of it has proved available for the *Journal*, and in the few specimens that I have published from time to time the serious

reader must have been annoyed by the unreasonable demand on his attention that is necessary to eliminate cryptic criticism. Of course, the less I know of the subject in hand, the more faithful is my summary, and therefore I regret that I have been forced to renounce my project of condensing for the readers of the Journal Professor VON PÖHLMANN'S most interesting and timely volume—*Geschichte der sozialen Frage u. des Socialismus in der antiken Welt, Zweite, vermehrte u. verbesserte Auflage* (München, Oskar Beck). There is great danger, as we all know, of projecting—etymologically a bad word—there is great danger of projecting the ideals and wishes of the present into the past, of finding more communism and socialism in antiquity than the facts will permit in the present state of our knowledge; and one such instance out of many I will note for the readers of *Brief Mention*. It has been maintained, says Professor VON PÖHLMANN, that the modern cry for liberty, equality and fraternity is simply a cry for a return to the old conditions of social life. The history of classical antiquity is from this point of view nothing but the history of the crowding out of communism by private property. The village green, the village common, is a survival of the olden time—of the time when flocks and herds were kept together, grazed now on summer, now on winter pasture, where there was one fold and one shepherd—the head of the community, who saw to the just division of the common products. Unfortunately, he says, there is no proof that the original conditions of things were as simple as that; the accepted progress through the stages of the hunter, the nomad, the tiller of the soil, according to VON PÖHLMANN, lacks convincing proof, and once more the historical parallel bars break down under the gymnast (A. J. P. XXXI 111).

In the Preface to his Wonder Book, Hawthorne says that 'classical myths <are> capable of being rendered into very capital reading for children. . . . So long as man exists, they can never perish; but, by their indestructibility itself, they are legitimate subjects for every age to clothe with its own garniture of manners and sentiment, and to imbue with its own morality'. How easily all impurity may be made to fall away from Greek mythology, especially in the refined air which Hawthorne and his companions breathed, has been signally exemplified by an extract from Emerson's Journal (viii, p. 26), to which my attention has been called by a friend who is curious in matters philosophical. From this extract I learn that Ganymede was known to the great thinker only as a cupbearer—only as a male neat-handed Phyllis. How else could he have 'delighted' in Martial II 43, 14, 'as showing the elegance of self-service, his own practice'? If my Pindar should ever reach another edition, which is unlikely, I shall know how to annotate *virginibus puer-*

isque, O. I 45: τωῦτ' ἐπὶ χρέος, and I am surprised that Professor Post should not have included in his selection Martial IX 42, XI 73. Surely the phrase 'left-hand marriage' would not offend the most fastidious. To the initiated all this 'dainger d'estre trop coquebin' simply illustrates a danger to which the classical scholar is not exposed. Your classical scholar is clad in the white robe of the anatomical theatre and his indignation is stirred only when some pedant like Browning takes advantage of the ignorance of innocence (A. J. P. XXXII 484).

The intaglio of irony is a dangerous figure, to the practice of which Americans are too much given; and I am an American. Knowing this failing of mine, I have read with care my comment on Professor Goodell's article about μή, in the last volume of the Journal, but I must confess that I cannot see how any one acquainted with the English language could have summarized my views, as has been done in the April number of the *Rivista di Filologia*, not the least valuable and suggestive of the periodicals that come into my hands. 'A proposito del precedente articolo del Goodell, del quale in somma l'a. accetta le conclusioni.' This is a summary with a vengeance, a summary at which no one will be more surprised than Professor Goodell himself. If the summarizer had only translated my words (A. J. P. XXXIII 499): 'According to Professor Goodell the conceptual has come to its own. According to my view there is only an extension based on the primal volitive'. Professor Goodell and I are poles asunder.

The typographical and other oversights that mar the pages of the last number of the Journal and haply this number also are a manner of tribute to the vigilance of my friend and collaborator, Professor C. W. E. MILLER, whose absence is doubtless responsible for sundry errors of the press. I have done my best. πόθειον δέ μιν ἐσθλὸν εἶντα. He would never have suffered 'Olymthiac' to pass (p. 112, l. 24) nor the egregious η in the penult of Δημοσθένης (l. 32), nor 'choriamic' for 'choriambic' (p. 114, l. 33.) He would have deleted the XII (p. 214, l. 35). He would have prevented P(ythian) *ibid.* from becoming Ps(alm) and 'afin' (p. 115, l. 15) would not have lost its 'que' in that ominous verse.